Miscellany Page.

REALLY WASN'T THAT MEAN?

Professor Richard Lynch Garner's return from Africa, where he has been for the third time to study the language and habits of the monkey tribes, calls to mind a little incident in which he unknowingly figured. The professor had just returned from a previous trip, and upon reaching the United States went at once to Chicago, where he is connected with the Chicago university. The daily papers were anxious to get interviews with him in regard to his study of the language of monkeys. The city editor of the Chicago Daily News sent a young reporter on the assignment, and had forgotten about him in the work of the day when the enthusiastic young man rushed into the office and exclaimed:

"Well, I've seen Garner, the man who says he can understand monkeys."

"Then," replied the editor, "I suppose you had no difficulty in making yourself understood." — New York Times.

—New York Times.

HOW SHE KNEW SENATOR SPOONER

From the visitors' gallery of the United States senate two ladies were looking down on the members and making the usual comments.

"That man with his lower lip sticking out—just the other side of Hoar—that's Spooner," said the one who knew.

"I thought so. I was sure of it. I knew it," replied the other, with growing conviction.

"Why? How could you tell?"

"By his clothes. Wisconsin people wear such terrible clothes."

Whereupon the wife of the distinguished senator from Wisconsin, who, all unknown, was sitting in the seat just in front of the talkative ladies, arose and went to summon her husband into the marble room. When she got him she repeated the comment of the strangers, and added:

"Now, I hope you will take my advice, and stop buying your clothes in New York."—Chicago Journal.

HE WHIPPED THE FOREIGN MINISTER

Representative Champ Clark of Missouri tells an amusing story concerning an independent young American who thrashed a foreign minister.

"When Mr. Blaine was Secretary of State," says Mr. Clark, "he deputed a young man in his office to go with a message to a certain foreign minister here. The young man, after searching in vain at the legation, finally found the minister at a club and gave him Mr. Blaine's message. The minister, who was rather testy, flared up and gave the young man a tremendous 'cussing.' Thereupon the latter administered a good, sound kicking to the foreign minister and departed. The minister complained and so the young man was publicly reproved. In private, however, Blaine congratulated him, 'only,' he added, 'thank God it was not Pauncefote whom you kicked.'"—Washington Post.

WHY DISRAELI DIDN'T ATTEND.

Apropos of vacant seats at the coronation, the interesting fact is recalled that when Queen Victoria was crowned Benjamin Disraeli wrote:

"I must give up going to the coronation, as all the members of parliament must be in court dresses or uniforms, and I can't afford to buy any. I console myself with the conviction that to get up at 7 o'clock, to sit dressed like a flunky in Westminster Abbey for seven or eight hours, and to listen to a sermon by the bishop of London are treats which can be missed with fortitude."

This was when Disraeli was a Radical member of the parliament, and before he became the Earl of Beaconsfield and chief of the Tories.

HOW THE KAISER GOT HIS HEALTH

The German emperor ascribes his good health and vigor to the advice given to him by his favorite doctor, and he has learned by heart the latter's "rule of life," which is as follows: "Eat fruit for breakfast. Eat fruit for lunch. Avoid pastry and hot cakes. Only take potatoes once a day. Don't drink tea or coffee. Walk four miles every day, wet or fine. Take a bath every day. Wash the face every night in warm water. Sleep eight hours every night."

Soliloquy: "This is a hard world," said Deacon Flapp, as he stepped off the car backward. — Chicago Daily News.

One good thing about Mount Pelee is that Major Pond can't put it on the lecture platform.—Chicago Record-Herald.

In the Way: "What's the matter with Walker?" "Run down." "Overwork?" "No, under automobile."—Philadelphia Press.

Her System: He—Mrs. Wise seems to understand how to manage her husband pretty well. She—Yes. She lets him have her own way in everything.—Life.

"Who is the hero of this piece?" asked the man who was coming out of the theater. And the manager thoughtfully replied: "The man who is putting up the money."—Washington Star.

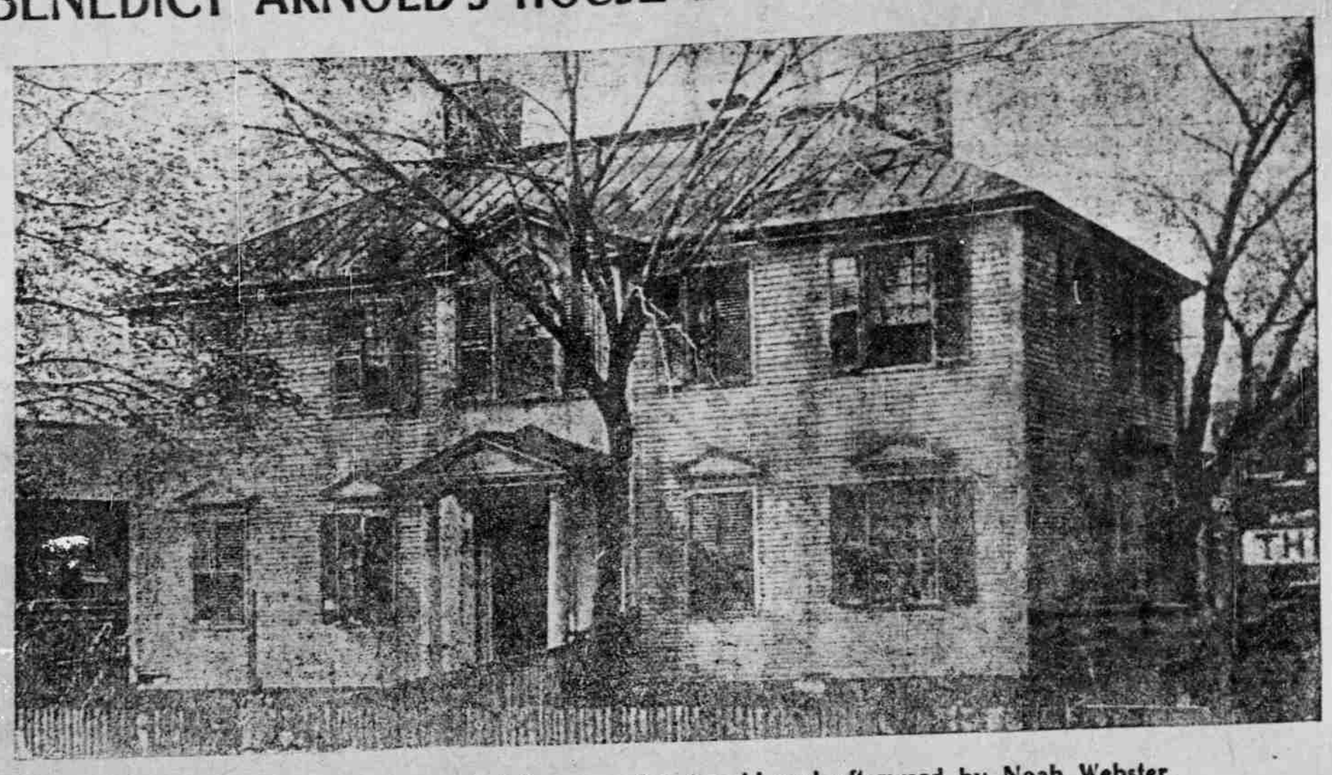
Alas: Willy (over his natural history)—Papa, what species of animals in this country are becoming rapidly extinct? Papa—Buffaloes and naval heroes, my son.—Puck.

Her Charity: Jack—Was the church garden party a success? Julia—Well, I worked hard enough. I ate ice cream with every young man on the grounds. —Detroit Free Press.

There are always two political parties; not so much because there are two sides to every public question, as because there are two sides to every office, viz., the inside and the outside.—Life.

Exclusiveness to be Maintained: Ping—Are Mrs. De Style's entertainments very exclusive? Pong—Well, I should say so; she has just made application to have the conversation of her guests copyrighted. — Baltimore Herald.

BENEDICT ARNOLD'S HOUSE IN WATER ST., NEW HAVEN



Built in 1771, it was occupied for years by Arnold and afterward by Noah Webster.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., May 30.—Benedict Arnold is not a name of which New Haven people are proud, but associated with his early life here are still to be seen some interesting relics. New Haven consoles herself, however, with the reflection that the Benedict Arnold who trod her green, who instructed and led her soldier youth and who was foremost in New Haven society and trade for a decade just before the Revolutionary War, was a much more respectable man than the Benedict Arnold who betrayed his country to the British later at West Point.

In fact, the Arnold whom New Haven knew from 1761 to 1775 was one worth knowing. Ambition carried him away later, when he joined the American army under General Washington, and envy ruled his career still later, when he was Governor of Philadelphia, and, deprived of the military honors which he considered were his due, he wound up his public life the victim of his own weak pride, ending his days a social outcast among the people to whom he had given over his honor. But when he lived in the old Water street mansion in New Haven, which is still standing, and was at the height of his family, business and social career, he was a different man. Tradition has it that he was among the finest gentlemen of New Haven, that he was the life of much of the best society, that he led in all the gayeties of the town, carried on a lucrative West Indies trading, and was regarded by every one with the greatest respect and admiration.

It is not difficult to believe this. Benedict Arnold was a man ambitious for personal advancement, assiduous in duties that reflected credit upon himself, but weak in the face of temptation, and easily led by adverse circumstances to choose the worst part and show the worst side. Had Arnold lived at another time he might easily have become a most honored citizen. Living when he did, and falling a victim to the petty jealousies of a disorganized army, he gave in and turned traitor. His personal pride was stronger than his patriotism.

But when he lived in New Haven there was no man who held a high head higher or who had better reason for so doing. Arnold came to New Haven from Norwich in 1762, an apprentice to a druggist. He was of a good family and of fair circumstances in Norwich, but his early love for a life of greater activity than his native town could promise sent him to New Haven, then the largest town in the colony. He stopped in New London on his way here, but left few relics of his stay behind him. In after years he led a regiment of British troops on a hostile visit to the town, and wreaked a bloody vengeance on his former associates. This will always remain one of the worst blots on Benedict Arnold's memory. To have been able to put his own countrymen to the sword showed that he was sunk even deeper than a political traitor.

Arnold had learned the trade of an apothecary, and he took this up when he came to New Haven with immediate success. He started in business in Chapel street, opposite the Yale campus, but later moved to a substantial shop in Leather Lane, now George street, near the spot where New Haven was settled in 1637. This shop was at the town market place, where countrymen and tradesmen gathered every day, and his business waxed prosperous at once. The sign which he swung over his shop door is now hanging in the New Haven Colony Historical Society rooms, and reads:

B. ARNOLD,

DRUGGIST, BOOKSELLER, &c.

FROM LONDON.

SIBI TOIQUE.

"For himself and others," and rightly "for himself" first. The old Leather Lane shop of Arnold is now gone. In front of it stood the town whipping post and the town scales. And it was on this spot in later years that the last public sale of a slave in Connecticut took place. At the right the road led through a cluster of houses to the New York turnpike; in front ran the road to the wharves, and to the left to the public green and the college. While Arnold's sign read "From London," this was probably a purely decorative advertisement, as Arnold had never been in London, and it was doubtless put on, as his neighbors adopted fictitious honors to draw trade. Arnold was first and last egotistical, and this early subterfuge was in line with his future attitude toward the world.

Benedict Arnold was a success as a druggist, and five years after he had started business he married Margaret Mansfield, the attractive daughter of Moses Mansfield, the high sheriff of the county. Arnold himself was a dashing fellow, with an abundance of good spirits, a capital talker, a fascinating companion and a leader by nature wherever he found himself. There is an old house still standing on the historic corner where New Haven was first settled that boasts among its memories nights of dancing in the days before the Revolutionary War, when Benedict Arnold was a guest, and when he led the blushing Miss Margaret in the minuet. If the college students were also guests of such evenings, it is more than probable that Nathan Hale, who was a student at Yale in the class of 1773, met Arnold. That these two men, one to become in after years the most infamous traitor of the war, and the other to become the most famous patriot, should have known each other in New Haven is entirely probable. Hale was fourteen years the other's junior, but he was equally popular in New Haven with him.

When Arnold married he built the house in Water street that has since become so closely identified with him in New Haven history. The house was built out of the dividends of Arnold's East Indies trading ventures, which had become considerable at this period. The fashionable part of New Haven was then centered in Water street, facing the harbor front, and Arnold's house stood at the west end of a long line of fine mansions belonging to the ship owners, who were then the richest people of the town.

Time and the encroachments of business interests have brought the fine old colonial mansion down to the level now of its less aristocratic neighbors, but traces are still to be seen of the magnificence of which it once was proud. The house is now part of a lumber yard, and the parlors and spacious chambers where Arnold and his bride lived and received the elite of the town are now occupied by piles of scantling, and the colonial staircases are now changed to lumber elevators. In a short time what is left of the old house will be torn down and the space it occupied turned into a woodyard.

While no attempt has been made by New Haven people to save the old Arnold house, as it can be believed that the reputation of its first occupant is no great source of public gratification, many of the finest pieces of its original architecture have been preserved. Antiquarians and unpoetical junk dealers have banded together to raze the old place, and what remains today is the merest shell of the old structure. The mantelpieces, carved English oak railings and the furniture have all been scattered among museums throughout New England. But there still remains the original exterior, and the window blinds, doorways, cornices and much of the original decoration are still left.

Originally the Benedict Arnold house was a handsome structure. It was a square, narrow clapboarded building, with a great carved doorway and a cupola surmounting the four sloped roof. Sandstone underpinning shows to the height of five feet or more around the house, and over each window are carved birds and other designs. An immense hall divides the interior, and on each corner was a large, square room. Two enormous chimneys are still standing, and each room in the house had an open fireplace. In gradually tearing down the building curious relics have been found in the walls. The corner beams that supported the framework are all of hand hewn English oak, and the rough slabs may still be seen. The laths were hand split and shaved, and many of them have sharpened points. All of the nails are hand wrought, and wooden pegs are used in many places.

In the process of partly demolishing the interior some of the original partitions have been left, and under the many layers of wallpaper may be seen the original highly ornamented English wallpaper which Arnold and his bride chose in 1771. That on the parlor walls was sky blue, and in the bed chambers yellow, with curious old figures on it. In one secret partition were recently uncovered a number of old account books dated 1774, a holster and sword, but it is not clear that they belonged to Arnold. Arnold kept his larder in good condition; the kitchen has a large fireplace and an immense bakeoven, extending six feet back into the chimney.

In the cellar are immense bricked-in compartments, evidently wine cellars or cold storage rooms for imported perishable goods, and the present owner of the building will show you a brick cavity four or more feet high, that was originally the entrance to a tunnel leading from the house to the ship dock warehouses, and which, tradition has it, Arnold was not above using for the illegal purpose of smuggling in taxable goods from his ships. But this has never been proved, though Arnold is known to have smuggled extensively, as did his neighbors also.

Captain Arnold's life in New Haven is still fresh in the legendary annals of New Haven. That he was a dashing fellow is readily to be believed from his subsequent career. He was one of a number of petitioners for the organization of a local military company before the Revolution came on, and was captain of this company, the Governor's Foot Guard, when the war broke out. His drug business had by 1773 given way almost entirely to trading with the West Indies, and he was one of the most successful of the early merchants of the town. An old advertisement has it that "Benedict Arnold wants to buy a number of large, genteel, fat horses, pork, oats and hay. And has to sell choice cotton and salt, by quantity or retail, and other goods as usual."

What goods he offered for sale he himself imported, and the horses, pork, etc., he sent out to the Indies on board his three trading vessels. He was part owner of three such—the Fortune, of forty tons; the Charming Sally, of thirty tons, and the Three Brothers, of twenty-eight tons burden. He himself often went as supercargo on his own vessels, and on one occasion nearly got himself into serious trouble with a British man-of-war by personally chastising her sailors who were interfering with the unloading of one of his ships in the South. As an expert in evading the Custom House officers Arnold seems to have been an adept. He got himself into several scrapes in this way, but immediately got himself out again through his natural presence of mind and dashing effrontery. Once it is recorded that one of the crew of the Charming Sally, wishing to take advantage of a reward offered for information against smugglers, went to the officers with certain facts regarding Arnold. It was on a Sunday, and, according to the custom of the time, the officials could receive no public business. Arnold, however, learned of the affair, caned his man soundly and wrote to a friend about it: "I gave him a little chastisement and ordered him out of town." The sailor remained in town and was again caught by Arnold, who took him to the public whipping post and gave him forty lashes.

In later years, when public feeling still ran high over the treachery of their old-time companion, New Haven people were accustomed to belittle Arnold's reputation while in New Haven. In 1828 an old man, who knew Arnold in 1775, was asked how he was regarded by the townspeople. He answered: "Sir, we bowed to him whenever we met, and said, 'Good morning, Captain Arnold.' We never invited him to our houses." But that is questionable tradition, and it was undoubtedly true that Captain Arnold was a prime favorite in New Haven previous to the war.

It was in 1775 that Captain Benedict Arnold first emerged from the obscurity of a merchant's life, with three ships in the West Indies trade, and became a national character. On Friday noon, April 21, 1775, the news was brought to New Haven by post from Cambridge that the Lexington farmers had repulsed the British with loss at Lexington. Arnold had always been a strong anti-Stamp Act man, and he was immediately fired with patriotic ardor. Within three hours from the time the postboy rode through town with the news Arnold had his foot guard parading on the green, and had proposed that they march to Cambridge to join the patriot troops. Fifty volunteered at once. The next morning Captain Arnold held a rendezvous for all volunteers on the green, and added a dozen Yale students to the company. Headed by a drummer and fifer he brought up the men in front of the "Middle Brick" tavern (since torn down), where the town committee was in disquieted session, and applied peremptorily for powder and ball. There ensued some parley, Colonel Wooster, a veteran of the French wars, advising the young enthusiast to wait until he had secured proper authority from the Governor. Benedict Arnold answered: "None but Almighty God shall prevent my marching." He got his ammunition and started with his small band of patriots for Cambridge.

Arnold did not return to New Haven until 1778, three years later, when he had risen from captain of the New Haven company to brigadier general, and had been at Quebec, in the naval battle of Lake Champlain, at Bemis Heights and Stillwater, in which latter engagement he was wounded, leading a valiant charge. He was sent home to recover, and was received by his fellow citizens with open arms. His wife had died when he was at the front, leaving three small boys, and for a year he remained with them and his sister, who had taken charge of his business, quietly recovering from his wound. His return is thus described in "The New Haven Post Boy" of May 6, 1778:

"Monday last came to town Major General Benedict Arnold. He was met on the road by the Continental and militia officers, the cadet company and a number of respectable inhabitants of this place, to testify their esteem of one who has by his bravery rendered his country many important services. On his arrival in town he was saluted by a discharge of 13 guns."

In the same year he was appointed by Washington to the command at Philadelphia, and New Haven knew no more of him. He married in Philadelphia, became lukewarm in his allegiance to his former associates in the army, who, he believed, had shouldered him to the wall on account of jealousy, and two years later finished his miserable business at West Point. His estate, both his house and private belongings, were immediately confiscated by government order. His effigy was burned publicly by his former townsmen, and ever since his name has been held up to the youth of the town as an example of what egotism and weakness will do for an otherwise brilliant man.

Not only Benedict Arnold, the traitor, but Noah Webster, the dictionary maker, lived in this historic old mansion, and the rooms that once echoed with the laughter and gayety of the days before the Revolution also harbored in later years the silent scholar as the pages of his great dictionary grew under his hands. After Arnold's New Haven property was confiscated, the house was unoccupied for many years, so great an aversion did New Haven people feel for anything that belonged to the betrayer of his country, and it was not until 1798, when Noah Webster came to New Haven to write his dictionary, that we find the fine old mansion again coming into local history. Webster bought the property, and lived there from 1798 to 1812, when he removed to Amherst on account of limited means. His study was the first floor room at the left as one entered by the front door, in the room which was used by Arnold as a banquet room, and here Webster received the most learned men of his time. An old desk that Webster used has lately gone the way of the rest of the old furniture and woodwork.

Webster must have lived a different kind of life in the house from that of Captain Benedict Arnold. His friends were not Arnold's gay intimates, nor his pleasures to dance or drink from the fine old wine cellar. Piles of books must have cumbered the walls that once rang with the merriment of an Arnold dinner party, and pages of the dictionary were written where once the handsome captain toasted the fair ones of the town.

When Webster left New Haven, in 1812, the Benedict Arnold mansion passed into other hands. Later on, when the fashionable Water street quarter had become no longer fashionable and society had moved uptown about the colleges, the Arnold house fell into the hands of lumber merchants. It has passed through a hundred years, and there are few old houses in New England that can boast of a richer history or of more noted owners, one a traitor to his country and the other a man of letters. New Haven people are becoming more and more proud of it as Benedict Arnold's treachery fades into history, and one of these days it will take its place among the historic mansions of New England.

Minnie—Myrtylla is really and truly our champion golfer. Mabel—Nonsense! Minnie—Oh, yes, she is. She has never yet made a round of the links without getting a proposal.—Ex.

Her First Thought: Mr. Reeder—I see by the newspapers the Adventists predict that the world will come to an end next Friday. Mrs. Reeder—Oh, dear, and I have nothing fit to wear.—Ohio State Journal.

Not a Powder Magazine: "Did your investigation of volcanic phenomena lead to any practical conclusion?" "It did," answered the popular scientist. "What is it?" "A check from a magazine."—Washington Star.

"And so you have a little baby at your house. Is it a boy or a girl?" asked a neighbor. "Mamma thinks it's a boy, but I believe it'll turn out a girl. It's always crying about nothing," answered the little boy.—Tit-Bits.

Jack—It is mighty hard to be the son of a self-made millionaire. Tom—Why so? Jack—A fellow can't decide whether to go into business and live up to his father's reputation, or go into society and live it down.—Town Topics.

"See here," said Colonel Winders, angrily, "your reporter promised to print all I said at the banquet last night." "Well?" replied the editor. "Well, he printed only a few lines, although my speech was quite a long effort." "Yes, but you didn't say much."—Philadelphia Press.

So He Waited: Stylish Lady Visitor (to small boy, while waiting for hostess to come down)—What is the matter with Fido, that you are watching him so closely? Small Boy—Mamma said that your hat was enough to make a dog laugh, and I wanted to see him do it.—Tit-Bits.

SCIENTIFIC

Among the industries of organic chemistry that of chemical perfumes has lately taken a place second only to that of making dyes. The development of these perfumes has been almost exclusively the work of France and Germany.

Hertzian waves from lightning flashes at enormous distances have been studied by F. Larroque. An interesting fact brought out is that the waves from a great distance are practically horizontal, but those from not more than 200 miles are more vertical than horizontal.

In pulverization by the electric furnace the metal is heated to volatilization, and forced into the collecting chamber by a jet of air or inert gas. Among the useful powders produced in this way are those of bronze, tin and aluminum; of litharge, or lead oxide; and of chrome steel, used as abrasives. Variations of the process give such compounds as white lead.

Electric tests have shown Professor T. C. Bose that the pulsation in plants is similar to that in man and animals. Poisons kill in the same degree, chloroform gradually lessens the pulsations, recovery follows anaesthetics, and poisonous drugs stimulate the pulsations and benefit as in human beings. A continuation of these experiments Professor Bose believes, may yield some solution of the great problem of life and death.

During the ten years ending with 1900 a systematic record of all Italian earthquakes was kept by the Central Meteorological Office at Rome. Dr. A. Cancani finds that not less than 4561 were noted, only these shocks perceptible without instruments being counted. The results seem to indicate that January and March are more liable to earthquakes than other months, and that the shocks occur most often in the first hour after midnight and are fewest between 5 and 8 p. m.

Celluloid, for which such varied uses have been found, was originally produced as a substitute for fast-vanishing ivory. The imitation itself is now imitated by the remarkable preparation of a Dutch inventor, who treats with acid and glycerine the waste pulp from the manufacture of potato flour, and dries and grinds the resulting compound. Mixed with water, the powder is moulded like plaster of Paris, forming an easily worked substitute for ivory, bone, celluloid and other materials.

The electric arc between iron poles, which has the peculiarity of a crater but slightly luminous, is proven by A. Broca and A. Chatin to be specially adapted for medical use on account of the great intensity of the actinic rays as compared with the heat rays. This makes it possible to bring the diseased part within four inches of an arc of 20 amperes and 35 volts. In nine cases of lupus an exposure of 15 minutes produced marked effect, and 24 hours afterward the lupus nodules were much changed while the healthy skin was unaffected.

Comparing modern statistics with researches on the ages of Egyptian mummies, M. Henry de Varigny concludes that longevity is not increasing. Sanitary science has greatly reduced infant mortality and given adults greater expectation of average life, but it has not added to the chances of the aged. Man's evolution has been in intellect rather than in body. He has not gained in vitality and is possibly weaker than generations ago; and an Egyptian who 2000 years ago had reached the age of 68 was likely to live longer than a modern Englishman of the same age.

Potatoes are claimed by Dr. Mosse, a French physician, to be valuable in certain forms of diabetes, cures having resulted from their use. He supposes that the treatment gives the same alkalinization as that by the mineral waters of Vichy; and that the ferments brought to the tissues aid in oxidations that are retarded in diabetic patients. The quantity prescribed is from two and a half to three times that of the bread eaten. In spring, when potatoes are not very good, potato bread may be desirable, and may be made by mixing mashed potatoes with a quarter or a third as much wheat flour. Sprouting and otherwise altered potatoes, which contain sugar and perhaps solanin, are to be avoided. Phosphates are lost by the reduction of the bread consumed, but may be restored by using more eggs.

The sun's photosphere is supposed by C. Nordmann to emit not only the short waves perceptible as light but also non-luminous vibrations of great length that give rise to electromagnetic phenomena. Hertzian waves should be produced chiefly in the sun-spot zone and at times of maximum solar activity, and it is probable that these waves give the added incandescence of the upper parts of the solar atmosphere during sun-spot maxima, when the sun's heat radiation should be reduced. The filaments of the corona, supposed to be due to pressure of light, are shortened during sun-spot periods. The spectra of comets show that their incandescent gases have a low temperature, like the rarefied gases artificially lighted up by Hertzian waves, and as a comet approaches the sun its spectrum is changed like that of an electrified gas under increased current.

Twentieth century chemistry embraces two important new fields—that of high temperatures, made easily available by the electric furnace, and that of low temperatures, economically produced by liquid air. Among numerous interesting products of great cold, M. D' Arsonval mentions liquid ozone, which is easily produced, its boiling point being 118 degrees C. below zero, and which is perfectly stable at the temperature of liquid air (about 200 degrees below zero), but at its own boiling point detonates on the slightest shock. The most powerful explosive now known is a mixture of liquid ozone and solid acetylene. Certain of the lighter petroleums, separated out by fractional distillation at low temperatures are perfectly fluid at 190 degrees below zero, and can be used in the construction of low temperature thermometers. Pure hydrogen can be economically produced in large quantities by a new system of fractional distillation at low temperatures.